

# Good Morning 361

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Dick Gordon presents Stage, Screen, Studio

HAD a birthday greeting card from a lovely I met in the celluloid city last year. It was signed "Janet B."

Remember being introduced to Miss Blair, fresh after her arrival on the Columbia lot. Her arrival, by the way, was something unique, because when Hollywood's glamour lenser, George Hurrell, said Janet Blair's got something a lot better than just plain common ordinary old glamour, it should mean something.

But when the hard-boiled newspaper people started asking for interviews with a newcomer, in a town stacked sky-high with young newcomers, that's kind of sensational.

Janet combines a fresh scrubbed prettiness with a lovely figure, ample intelligence, and a dynamic energy that probably singles her out from the mob more than anything else. Lolling before Hurrell's photogenic camera is probably the only time Janet's lolled since she learned to walk. She signed her Columbia Pictures contract right fresh out of the Hal Kemp band, where she was "mothered" and watched out for, even though she didn't necessarily require it, ever since she sang the graduation song at the Altona, Pa., high school in June, 1939.

In slacks, her five feet four inches look the way most girls should but don't. She doesn't worry about the way her face looks. She figures that as long as she's had no complaints about it she might as well forget it. Her hair is dark blonde. Her eyes are almost black-and-snapping.

Whatever she does, she does with intensity, whether it's playing a scene or chewing gum. It's no fakery that she's genuinely fond of good music.

Her real name's Martha Laferty, and she likes sports where both sides commit mayhem. The way she dances the rumba you'd think she invented it. She lives in an apartment near the studio.

JOEL MCCREA, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell have been put in the same can and an epic of the Wild West, called "Buffalo Bill," is the result.

This is a fine, spacious, sweeping biography of the famous Wild West scout, of pioneering days, told with the accent on an adventurous note. Romantic Technicolor picturization of plains, braves, charges and hand-to-hand combat. Holding narration of the hero's ups and downs, his saving of U.S. cavalry, his dispute with capitalists, and his come-back as beloved rodeo showman.

At the end of this film, Buffalo Bill, Wild West showman, makes his farewell appearance.



Here is "Janet B."

A cripple boy rises from the gallery and cries, "God bless you, Buffalo Bill."

It is the note of those of us who have not forgotten adventure, romance, redskins, pintos, and all the rest, will re-echo.

The gorgeously befeathered braves ride up to the skyline, the gulch runs gaudy with gore, there is love, friendship—and betrayal by city merchants in whose veins red blood has turned to ticker tape, and then final triumph again for our hero as a snowy-haired veteran, king of his own world-famous Wild West outfit.

IS this authentic biography? Perhaps, and perhaps not, but who cares? What we want is Buffalo Bill the legendary, and here we have him, spruced up in Technicolor, and acted with a fine sense of smouldering reliability by Joel McCrea.

Bill, trusted scout, saves the heroine from the redskins, and tells her the braves are not really bad, only annoyed.

The white man turns the plains into a buffalo-hunting picnic, and the starving, outraged Indians ride again.

We have the romance of Bill with the white girl he saved (Maureen O'Hara) and the silent adoration of an educated Indian girl (Linda Darnell).

War between the Indians and the white man breaks out in earnest. Bill, disregarding red tape, leads the U.S. cavalry, not to ignominious safety, but to a spectacularly triumphant and exciting hand-to-hand fight with the Redmen.

He is feted, until, refusing to play the capitalists' game, he asserts the Indians are still his friends, and finds himself discredited.

His baby son, brought back to civilisation, dies of a city disease, and Bill, disgusted, leaves his wife.

Down and out, he does sharp-shooting on a wooden horse in a Bowery side-show—until his

THE other day, a tall, broad-shouldered man landed in North Africa after quite an adventurous trip. His ship had been torpedoed and sunk and he was the last civilian to take to the lifeboat. Once he had set foot on land, he went straight to Khartoum to look at a jig-saw puzzle concerning £56,000 worth of missing diamonds.

His name is William Charles Crocker, and although he isn't in the Force, he is admired by the sleuths of half-a-dozen countries. A City solicitor and investigator-in-chief for several insurance companies, he is the greatest private detective in the world.

His endless patience and X-ray eye for bricks without straw have saved the insurance companies many thousands of pounds, apart from putting scores of get-rich-quick rogues into cold storage!

Take this little matter of the diamonds. . . Several months ago a plane crashed in the desert near Khartoum and all the passengers were killed. It was thought that the missing diamonds might have been in the plane. Crocker asked some discreet questions in Khartoum—he didn't want 50,000 natives rushing into the desert on a diamond scramble!

ONE day he drew a plan and quietly reconstructed the crash. He drove into the desert and began to rummage in the sand where he thought the diamonds might be if his theory was O.K. A handful of sand unearthed a square-cut eight-carat emerald. Practically the whole of the missing treasure came to light.

More than one criminal has been nailed by this quiet sleuth, whose uncanny intuition is reinforced by a monumental patience once he gets his teeth into a suspicious claim.

When Sydney Fox tucked his old mother up for the night in a Margate hotel bedroom, and then set fire to the room, he had hopes of collecting the insurance. He never got that £3,000.

Crocker studied the papers and said quietly, "This is murder." The police came on the scene, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury found a stack of deadly facts in the larynx of the late Mrs. Fox. Sydney went to the gallows instead of comfortable retirement.

Crocker has a flair for finding clues in ashes. You will remember how he and his squad of specially trained private sleuths ran to earth the Harris fire-raising gang ten years ago. "I knew that once Crocker had a hold he would keep on holding," said one of the gang from the dock. The trial cost £100,000, and it took the judge thirteen hours to sum up.

There were literally tons of evidence in the Harris case, and Crocker spent two years piecing it together into a cast-iron indictment.

He even smuggled a mike into a flat in a packing case to overhear the gang making their plans. When the trial was over he didn't forget the help given him by the police. Every officer who assisted him was presented with a silver cigarette case suitably inscribed.

Few people realised what a strain that investigation had been. He became very ill and

### ODD QUOTES

How long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it!

Ruskin.

Have you not heard When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo, His best friends hear no more of him?

Shelley.

There is surely a piece of divinity in us, something that was before the elements, and owes no homage unto the sun.

Sir Thomas Browne.

## He's Our Real-life

## Sherlock



cotton that had been strategically distributed. Everything was wired for a fat five-figure insurance claim!

Other firebugs have filled small balloons with coal gas and tied them up with string, which acted as a fuse, leaving enough to light and allow them to make a get-away before the balloons burst and set the place on fire.

One cannot doubt the ingenuity of the professional arsonist, but he would be staggered if he knew the odds against him. Experts are quickly on the spot to take samples of debris, and they have sharp eyes for bits of partly-burnt string, ashes of burned celluloid, and tell-tale white trails of ash.

It's quite simple to extract petrol and other inflammable liquids from debris, and the microscope often tells a very different story from that stated on an innocent-looking claim for insurance money!

It isn't hard to guess that many would-be firebugs remember the Harris trial and other Crocker triumphs and think twice before touching off a phoney fire.

### Serum v. Rheum

THERE'S hope in this world for everyone, including the sufferer from rheumatism. The complaint is so widespread that there is actually a body known as the Empire Rheumatism Council, with Lord Horder as chairman. The Council is now testing out an anti-rheumatic serum sent them by a Russian scientist, Professor A. C. Bogomoletz.

The Professor discovered the serum after eighteen years' research. It's proved its worth in Russia in such a wide variety of diseases—such as arthritis, typhus, puerperal fever, pneumonia and tonsillitis—as to rank in importance with M. and B.

A single dose costs less than a shilling. The Russians use it extensively.

Now A.C.B., as it is called, is having its first test on rheumatic diseases in this country. When the news of the discovery was made public, eighty persons with a touch (or more) of the "screws" wrote to the Council begging to be included in any tests to be made.

Lord Horder had enough stuff for tests on thirty people, and thirty "human guinea-pigs" were selected, first being warned that the serum is an unknown quantity, so far as Britain is concerned, and they would undertake the test at their own risk.

Did they draw back at this warning? Not they. The worst that could happen to them would hardly be as bad as the rheumatism they'd got!

J. S. Newcombe

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# CORNISHMAN'S GOLD

By Anthony Mawes

THEY lay there, on top of a bowl of old copper coins, in the window of John Nickel's curiosity shop, looking like round lumps of tarnished pewter. Martin Lynn, waiting for Nickel to bring him the new key he was making for him, leaned over idly and picked one of them out of the bowl.

It was heavy, chunky, and satisfying to the touch. Its uneven edges looked as though it had been hacked roughly with a chisel. Martin went to the door for a better light, and tried to decipher the markings that showed faintly through the tarnish and dirt. There were a rough cross and what looked like Chinese characters on one side, and on the other, almost worn away, some indistinguishable marks and a sign that might have been a three.

A couple of seconds later old Nickel returned, shuffling slowly from the far end of his shop.

He was a swarthy, black-haired, beady-eyed man, crafty and secretive. The shop, like its owner, was dark and secret. Piles of unsold rubbish lay in the shadow at the back. Old pictures, so dusty that their subjects could not be identified without cleaning, hung on the walls.

Nickel handed over the key. "I think you'll find that all right, sir," he growled. "That'll be a shilling."

Martin nodded, then extended the disc he had been examining.

"What are these things, Nickel?" he asked. "Old coins, or what?"

Nickel stretched out a bony hand and withdrew the other two from the bowl.

"They're very old," he said mechanically. "What do you think, sir?"

His eyes shifted to Martin's face, and he waited, with a look of cunning.

"I don't know what to make of

them," Martin answered. "They look Chinese—weights or something of that kind."

"Yes, I thought they were something like that," the old man agreed quickly. "Would they be silver, do you think?"

"They seem a bit heavy for silver. Where did you get 'em?" Nickel shook his head.

"Had 'em for years," he mumbled. "Found 'em in an old box I was turning out yesterday."

Martin looked at the old man with amusement. You could never get any definite information out of him.

"Got any more?" he asked.

"No; least I don't think so. I'll look and see some time; but I shouldn't think so."

"Well, what do you want for them?"

Old Nickel's face became wooden.

"Would a shilling a piece be all right," he suggested reluctantly. He gazed into Martin's face.

"All right; I'll take them. That's four bob altogether."

The old man searched in a grimy purse for change.

"And if I should find any more, would you like to have 'em?"

"Perhaps. You might let me know, anyhow."

Martin smiled as he walked home. He could not have said why.

Late that day, Martin Lynn was in London and his smile had broadened. For, his literary agent had snaffled a very neat film contract for one of Martin's books. Five hundred pounds, no less. He wandered up the Strand in a happy mood.

"Chinese weights for luck," he thought as he jingled them in his pocket. As he passed a coin shop he paused, and then went in.

"I wonder if you'd mind telling me what these things are?" he asked.

A slightly bald man with an amiable manner and the air of a student, picked up the weights and glanced at them casually.

"Why, certainly, sir," he said at once. "They're old Spanish colonial coins of eight reales. Pieces of eight they're generally called."

"Pieces of eight!" Martin exclaimed in amazement. "Do you mean those pirate things?"

The expert smiled.

"Those are the ones, sir. Of course they vary in type, but yours are very usual." He looked more carefully at the coins. "These are in rather poor condition; they have been in the sea for some time, I should say—and quite recently. These little pitted markings, you see, sir. I'll show you some similar specimens." He turned to a coin cabinet.

Martin was frowning, absorbed

in his own thoughts. Pieces of eight—that had recently been in the sea! Where the devil had old Nickel got them from? Suddenly there flashed through his mind the story the Porthwick fishermen were in the habit of telling summer visitors—the legend of Parker's Hoard, the fabulous treasure which tradition said was buried somewhere along the coast.

The coin expert was back at the counter with a tray full of old silver coins in his hands. Some were great rough chunks of silver like his own, others broader, more delicate pieces, with the arms of Spain carefully impressed, and the 8 which gives the coins their name standing out clearly on the reverse side.

"And have you got any doubloons?" he asked impulsively.

Another tray, full of gold coins this time, was produced. They seemed to stare at Martin from their little hollows, like cruel red eyes that had seen murder and lust and ships' decks running with blood.

"I must have one of these," he

said enthusiastically. "What do they cost?"

He chose a wicked-looking gold piece, rough at the edge, which cost him five pounds. It fascinated him. On his journey back to Porthwick that afternoon he sat unconscious of the autumn landscape streaming by the carriage window. Often he took the coins from his pocket and clinked them together.

**Doubloons and pieces of eight! Was old Parker's Hoard a myth? Or had Nickel tumbled across it somehow?**

NICKEL'S shop looked grimmer than ever in the autumn sunlight. Yet Martin, coming in on the morning after his return, peered about him with a feeling of excitement. Now for it!

He began with an inquiry about a couple of Dutch tiles which had been in the window for months. This matter settled, he said casually:

"I suppose you haven't found any more of those things yet?"

"What things 'ud they be?" The old man did not raise his eyes.

"Those weights I bought the other day."

"Oh, them things. I ain't

## With Our Roving Cameraman

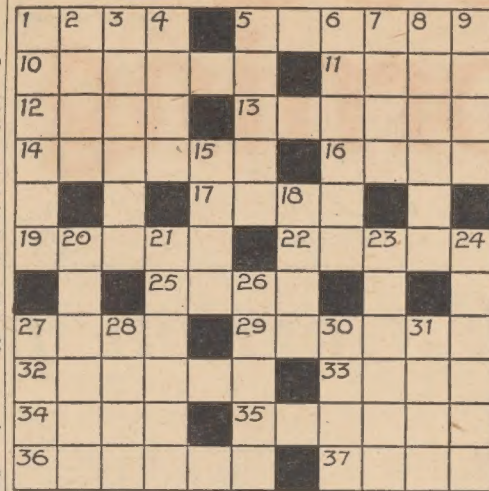


**NO ARYAN, SHE.**  
Hitler is keen on a pure race. Well, here is a Zapotec Indian woman in Oaxaca market, Mexico, of that particular race, which has never mixed throughout the centuries with any other. The Zapotecs have kept to the customs and manners of their stock for centuries. They just don't mix with strangers. They are of the same blood as were their ancestors when Montezuma was ruler. And that's more than any European race can say.

## JANE

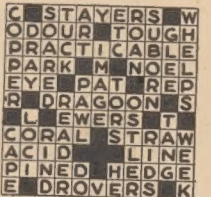


## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Money.
- 5 Driver.
- 10 Stir up.
- 11 Nil.
- 12 Circle.
- 13 Continues.
- 14 Juries.
- 16 Short man.
- 17 One of U.S.A.
- 19 Teacher.
- 22 Metal.
- 25 Bob jauntily.
- 27 File.
- 29 Avoid.
- 32 Hates.
- 33 Gather.
- 34 Positive.
- 35 Worker.
- 36 Beliefs.
- 37 Short county.



### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Sort of bag.
- 2 Tune.
- 3 Poem.
- 4 Very big.
- 5 Animal.
- 6 Slender.
- 7 Fashion.
- 8 Roadway.
- 9 Snug shelter.
- 15 Entice.
- 18 Requests.
- 20 Without power.
- 21 Resist.
- 23 Emit in vapour.
- 24 Reduces.
- 26 Lies.
- 27 Absorbed.
- 28 Refrain from.
- 30 Plagiarise.
- 31 Lengthened.

found no more. Haven't looked. Don't suppose I would if I did."

He turned, and shifted a fake brass candlestick from one shelf to another.

Martin felt disappointed.

"I only wondered. If you do you might let me know."

Nickel looked round slowly, a peculiarly bovine expression on his face.

"I'll let you know," he growled.

"Come to think of it, I believe I bought them off a sailor chap—years ago. Been to China, he had."

"Really?" Martin said brightly.

Nickel stared at him from beneath bushy brows.

"Yes, that's where I got 'em, I remember now. Dark chap he was," he added; "foreigner, I reckon."

Martin was unconvinced by the story; but it was better not to pursue the subject further yet. He must try another line of attack, he told himself.

He found Anstice Pendrew at the house when he returned, and greeted her with pleasure.

Anstice was twenty. She was quiet, with a quietness that was partly reserve and partly apprehension; for her position in Porthwick was difficult. Her mother was the daughter of Sir Vivian Cubert, head of a great Cornish family. Her father, Fred Pendrew, was the landlord of the "Cosworth Arms."

The marriage, a runaway one, had been a county scandal twenty-five years before. It had turned out badly, and nothing but grim determination kept Enid Pendrew with her shiftless, ill-tempered husband. Anstice had been sent to a good school, and had nothing about her to suggest her father's calling. She was liked by every one in the neighbourhood. Her mother's family alone refused to have anything to do with her.

"Hullo, Anstice," he said, "what are you doing here so early in the morning? More good works, or just gossiping with Madge?"

The girl's face lit up at his arrival.

"Oh, good works, of course, but

it's a rotten job," she answered.

"I've come begging. Don't blame me. It's the parson's fault." The parson was the Rev. Gregory Pyne, rector of Treruth, an active and enthusiastic young man newly arrived from an East End parish.

"He says you've got to be a patron, and I've got to make you."

Martin thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out his treasured coins. He flung them on to the table.

"All right, I'll subscribe that. Will that do, Anstice?"

The girl's eyes went to them in wonder, and she grew suddenly grave.

"Those?" she asked quietly.

"What do you mean? What are they?"

"It's only one of Martin's weaker jokes," Martin's sister, Madge Enslow, put in. "He has a Chinese weight complex at the moment. Martin, don't be idiotic. Give Anstice a proper subscription."

"Proper subscription!" he protested. "I hurl at her the treasure of the Spanish Main. Do you know what those are, Madge?"

The gold one is a doubloon, and the others are pieces of eight."

Madge raised her dark eyebrows.

"You said they were Chinese weights when you bought them from Nickel."

"Not really, Mr. Lynn? You're pulling my leg," Anstice said quickly.

"Indeed I'm not."

"Are they valuable?" she went on, looking up at him suddenly.

"The doubloon's worth a fiver, and the others about six bob each."

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—307

1. Put an insect's home in SR and make it tremble.
2. In the following song title, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Yees ni steg uroy mokes.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change COW into PIG and then back again into COW, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden Canadian town in: Please ask Ike Rosenthal if axle-grease will do for lawn mowers. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 306

1. PeachES.
2. Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.
3. CUP, cut, but, bet, bee, tee, TEA, sea, set, sit, sip, pip, pup, CUP.
4. On-tar-I-o.

## QUIZ for today

1. A nitter is a dwarf, toad, fly, weaver, fairy, fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) The Middle of the Road, (b) A Tramp Abroad?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Ludo, Halma, Draughts, Old Maid, Chess, Snakes-and-Ladders.
4. What is the difference between a bee's sting and a wasp's sting?
5. For what is the Pulitzer Prize awarded?
6. If a man is lying prone, is he facing upwards or downwards?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Weasand, Wattle, Warlock, Walaby, Wampum, Wappiti.
8. The Basques live in Tibet, Spain, Russia, India, Ceylon?
9. Which is the larger, a penny or a half-crown?
10. What Roman Emperor made his horse a consul?
11. What four coins will total 1s. 10d.?
12. Name three British birds beginning with "Red."

## Answers to Quiz in No. S60

1. Drink.
2. (a) Dumas, (b) Baroness Orczy.
3. Litter has no wheels; others have.
4. 78.
5. The Pyrenees.
6. Leviticus.
7. Nonagenarian, Nirvana.
8. 5 feet.
9. Purple.
10. Rome.
11. 4 florins, 1 sixpence, 1 threepenny piece, 1 penny.
12. Woodlark, Wood Pigeon, Woodpecker, etc.



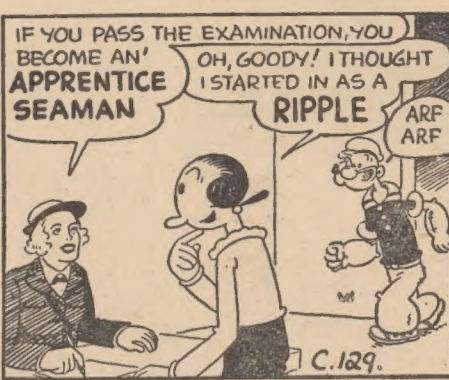
## BEELZEBUB JONES



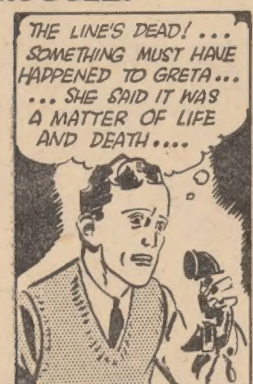
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



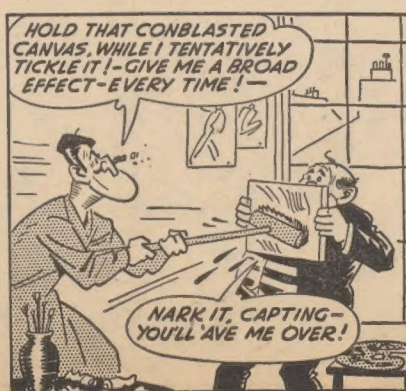
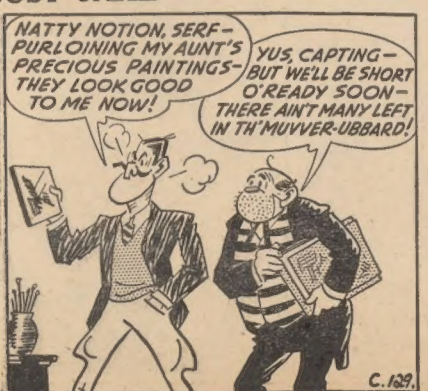
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# WANTED: An Anti-Misery League

By W. H. MILLIER

IT was Napoleon, so we are told, who said that we were a nation of shopkeepers, but I guess it must have been a more far-seeing person who declared that we were a nation of humbugs.

The powers that be have used this period of the world's upheaval in a belated attempt to prove Napoleon a liar by closing down many of the one-man businesses, but the humbugs still flourish.

At a time when we are supposed to be fighting for our very existence there are people who are horrified at the thought of anyone having a mild flutter on football pools, above all things.

Life at the moment is a greater gamble than it has ever been. You can throw your life away as easily as treading out a cigarette end, but you must not risk a few pence of your luck in being able to forecast the result of a number of football games. At least, that is what a few humbugs maintain.

Any sensible person would have thought that the tremendous seriousness of life in these days would have caused the cranks, whom we permit to make more noise than their usefulness warrants, to remain quiescent, but they persist in raising their voices.

At Bow Street recently a parson acted as common informer in demanding a summons against a firm for conducting a football pool through a newspaper.

The parson lost his case, and cost his supporters some of their cash, which might have been better employed in being contributed to the Red Cross.

Sir Bertrand Watson, the Bow Street magistrate, said he could not find any material distinction between the case brought and the one decided by Mr. Justice Eve in 1935. That decision had stood for nine years.

There was no appeal, and he (the magistrate) was therefore bound by it. In the course of the case it was revealed that the Anti-Gambling League was associated in the prosecution. The summons was dismissed with 75 guineas costs.

This sort of thing is, on a par with that other set of killjoys which has been so active lately in preventing the thousands of Service men and women from spending an enjoyable Sunday in seeing a theatrical show.

They can fight on a Sunday, and they can die on the Sabbath, but to be happy on that day—perish the thought!

It seems to me that if you wish to be a power in the land you must collect together a few people and give yourselves a high-sounding title, which must, above all things, be preceded by the word "anti."

So long as you wish to put the brake on something you will succeed. If it is to suppress enjoyment, then you are on a certain winner. What a winner!

The trouble with all sportsmen is that they believe in permitting people to live their own lives just as they wish. If only the Gloom-Spreaders would share the same belief and keep their gloom to themselves there would not be much trouble, but that is just what they will not do.

After the war, some bright boy with time on his hands may find useful occupation in starting a new line of crusaders. In order to succeed he will have to borrow that wretched word "anti" and give his society the title of the Anti-Misery League, with special appeal to sportsmen.

Something along these lines will have to be done if any sort of freedom is to be left to us to enjoy the days that are to come.

A mug could throw his fortune away almost at one go if he plunged on a horse that failed to finish in the first three, but it would take a long time to accomplish the same end with penny pools.

I have no particular fancy for football pools, but every man has his own choice of poison. The main reason for the attraction of the pools is the small outlay and big return—when you land the right forecast.

It seems to be the general idea that the odds are terrific, and thus very attractive. The odds are big, but the chances against landing the prizes are much bigger.

You can get bigger odds to your money, even at horse-racing, and certainly at greyhound-racing. After all, the odds must be worked out in proportion to the chances of winning.

Still, that is only a minor point in the main issue. If anyone wishes to spend a few six-pences on the possible joy of correctly forecasting the results of certain games, why on earth should anyone be permitted to interfere with his enjoyment?

All the privilege I claim for my own sex . . . is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.

Jane Austen.

The voice of the people hath some divineness in it, else how should so many men agree to be of one mind?

Francis Bacon.



# Good Morning



Those were the days! When Tom Tiddler's ground really was Tom Tiddler's ground and there was nothing else to think of on a hot summer's afternoon.



Cor, stone the crows (or is it the ravens). Anyway, he certainly knows his XXX.

You take off the jacket and the back view's just as nice.



Cute little fellow, isn't he, with his mamma? But appearances don't tally with facts just here. That little morsel of hippo weighs just over 3 cwt. And his mamma? Cor lumme—a coupla tons, we'd say.



Don't speak with your mouth full and keep your elbows off the table.



Guess who's behind this? Yes, it's the Invisible Woman.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I can see behind the sheet!"

